VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 8, 1904. NUMBER 15

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

## UNITY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

This poem was written by Mr. Whittier while he was a guest at the Asquam House. A fair was being held in aid of the little Episcopal church at Holderness, and people at the hotel were asked to contribute. These lines were Whittier's contribution, and the ladies in charge of the fair received ten dollars for them. They were written in an album now in the possession of a niece of Whittier's Philadelphia friend, Joseph Liddon Pennock.—S. T. Pickard.

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its wall shall climb,
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall be all holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

*Asquam House, Holderness, N. H., Seventh Month, 28, 1883. From the December Atlantic Monthly.*

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**The Wandering Host** — By David Starr Jordan

When man shall rise to manhood's destiny;
When our slow-toddling race shall be full grown,
Deep in each human heart a chamber lone
Of holies, holiest shall builded be,
And each man for himself must hold the key.
Each man must kindle his own altar fires,
Each burn an offering of his own desires,
And each, at last, his own High Priest shall be.
—*From the Dedication to Jessie Knight Jordan.*

## FOR SALE BY UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1904. NUMBER 15

## "I Shall be Satisfied When I Awake With Thy Likeness."

"Waken in Thy likeness," meet Thee face to face,
Know the sweet unfoldings of Thy perfect love,
All the wondrous meaning of Thy wisdom trace,
All the perfect justice of Thine order prove.

"Waken in Thy likeness," be what Thou hast willed,
Know the sweet communion hearts can meet in Thee,
All earth's restless passions, all its longings stilled,
All times blended in Eternity.

"Waken in Thy likeness," knowing all Thy truth,
Loving all Thy children, living in Thy breath,
Blossoming forever in the joy of youth,
Break thy peaceful slumber, waken me, oh Death!

—*Ednah Dow Cheney.*

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Dr. Torrey seems still to flourish in England, notwithstanding certain dignified criticisms and qualifications found in the book UNITY has been glad to distribute, "The True Revival vs. Torreyism." In a recent letter to a religious conference he says, "It is time to lift the voice like a trumpet" against the liberal tendencies in religious thought, because "silence at this time is not charity but disloyalty to God."

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London seems to have at last awakened to the humiliating fact that within its limits there is no statue or other conspicuous monument to Shakespeare, the greatest Englishman, and, all things considered, probably the greatest poet the world has ever known. And still London is checkered with generals, dukes, barons and kings bearing unfamiliar names; he who stops to read, at each new name turns to ask, "Well, who was he anyhow?" Is there a lesson here?

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Earl Nelson is reported by the *Christian Life* as being the only peer who has held his title in three English reigns, his honors falling on him when he was twelve years old, before the death of William IV. This venerable dignitary, now in the eighty-second year of his age, has been busy at work compiling a third edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." The first edition appeared in 1857 and represented the joint labor of Earl Nelson and John Keble. It is encouraging to find nobility devoting itself to such praiseworthy tasks. We would like to believe that his work has had something to do with bringing about his "ripe old age."

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The audience room of All Souls Church was comfortably filled last Sunday for the four o'clock vesper reading from Charles Wagner's book entitled "Courage." Perhaps it was the largest audience ever known to such an occasion. This may be another indication that Charles Wagner has struck a fundamental note. The call to the simple life is a timely one; that it needs exploiting may appear strange, but the simple life comes only from the synthesis of many complex and apparently contradictory forces. The simple life is something easy to understand and hard to live. The ministrations of the church, that, through sermon or otherwise, re-enforces the world in its quest for the simple life, will offer food for the spirit. In proportion as the church of today offers such food, it is to become what Charles Wagner proposes to call his new building in Paris, "The Home of the Soul."

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The *Dial* is moved with some interesting reflections upon the "four yards of Thackeray" that stands on the editorial desk. It reminds us that these new editions of old authors—Thackeray, Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, and Carlyle, for instance, are as staple a product of commerce as corn or cotton. Looked at from the tradesman's standpoint, these wares are "no less steady an object of consumption than tobacco or tea." Furthermore, the division of labor and economic machinery is steadily reducing the cost, while the mercantile competitions become as sharp as the competition in steel rails. We will await with interest the further study promised as to what becomes of all these books "thus cheaply and excessively multiplied." Meanwhile we ask our readers to think upon the *Dial's* conundrum—"Is this age of re-print correspondingly an age of advanced culture?"

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President McKenney of the Milwaukee Normal School is reported as having "come out boldly in favor of the use of slang," at a banquet of the young men's club in connection with the Congregational Church of that city. He said, "More business can be transacted in four sentences of slang than can be disposed of in an hour's talk of proper language." It all depends, Mr. President. Slang that is condensed speech, picturesque language, vivid epigram, is improvised poetry, is forceful language on its way to respectability; but slang that is coarse, that seeks the grotesque rather than the picturesque, is debilitating and demoralizing. It is not difficult to distinguish between language growing and language degenerating, though they sometimes sound very much alike because both are outside of the conventional canons. It is highly important that this distinction should be kept in mind in any discussion of slang or in the use of the same.

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Dr. Harper's startling statement that "Not a single religious problem of any importance has been solved by the theological seminaries of the West in fifty years" has naturally stirred up the lions. The *Literary*

*Digest* makes some interesting quotations from the religious press anent the matter. *The Chicago Interior* turns the tables neatly and reminds Dr. Harper that he must know how it is himself, for once upon a time he was one of the theological professors. The *Christian Observer* of Louisville, another Presbyterian paper, thinks, judging from results in Germany, that the universities are more successful in raising problems than they are in solving them, while the *Universalist Leader* of Boston sees a promise of an university in the far distance that affords encouragement. Evidently Dr. Harper has successfully accomplished one aim at least in the utterance—he has called attention to the depressing situation. His diagnosis is valuable even though the remedy be doubted. There is an unquestioned tendency to link other professional schools with university centers. The law and medical schools are everywhere seeking such affiliations and the best of them succeed. That the isolated theological school does do good work, but that it is seriously handicapped and necessarily inadequate to the high tasks seems to grow more and more evident.

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The sympathy of UNITY and its family of readers everywhere goes out to the Rev. Mary A. Safford, who languishes on a sick bed at her home in Des Moines, Iowa. At last nature has asserted itself and the tireless missionary is paying the penalty of overtaxed nerves. The *Old and New*, of which Miss Safford of late has been leading editor, says, "The inflammation of the nerves, due to the great strain to which they have been subjected, causes almost complete helplessness, and the outlook is for a protracted and painful illness, with hope of ultimate recovery." The indomitable will and the inspirations of high tasks are splendid adjuncts to the physician's skill. We trust that impatience with interrupted tasks and the unfounded regrets of incompleted plans may not be depressing influences in the convalescence. It is given to none of us to complete any tasks that are worth living for. The best any one can do is to work up to the quitting line as though life were unending and the tasks never to be completed. When the quitting line is reached, the faithful worker can well let go without regret and go hence rejoicing. Miss Safford has filled out one watch; it is time for the second relief; she deserves the rest; let not this rest be marred with undue haste to be at it again. Her friends as well as the world can generously afford to give the full time. Meanwhile she will rejoice with all her friends that her old time fellow-worker, Miss Eleanor Gordon, is on the ground and has already mounted guard. She will keep up the work at Des Moines and edit the *Old and New*. UNITY sends loving greetings to the patient invalid and hearty fellowship to the Second Relief.

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A continuous reader and loyal friend of UNITY is distressed over the disposition on the part even of liberal churches to draw a heresy line somewhere this side of the position occupied by the Socialists, "who are actually performing the apostleship Christ charged upon his followers, though they do react from the church and state conditions of Europe and from the hypocrisy that sanctions the exploiting such conditions in America." Our correspondent reminds us that the apostles were called irreligious by the Pharisees and that today church functionaries frankly admit that those holding socialistic ideas must be kept out of the pulpit, leaving many a young minister in a state of half fear and half rebellion under the sense of suppression. Our correspondent fears that "even UNITY would decline to print a straight sympathetic article on socialism, calling things by their right names and laying bare the arrogant hypocrisy of the churches and the old political parties, not in a vindictive spirit, but in good vigorous honest language." "For instance, Socialists can prove that all war is caused by the capitalistic greed for foreign markets or exploitation; that also the principle of capitalistic competition is war, and war is hell; also that exploitation through rent, interest and profit, is robbery; that wage is a cunning, wolfish method of capitalistic sneak-thieves!" This certainly is plain speech, yet it has cost us no strain of liberality nor does it militate against our sense of editorial dignity or religious sanctity to print it. Our correspondent as well as our readers must know that UNITY is prepared to recognize a large grain of truth in these burning words of our correspondent. We print them, not to controvert them, but for the sake of saying that they are words which we cannot use because we believe them to be such overstatement of the truth that they become half-truths with all the pernicious influence and dangers of half-truths. Believing in industrial, economic and religious evolution as we do in physical evolution, we cannot delight in the methods based on the old philosophy that assumes cosmic as well as economic revolutions to be a part of the creative plan. "Socialism," to our mind, is a label which, like all labels in the social, ethical and philosophic world, we claim to be libels, because they imply lines where lines are not; they look for a break where there will be no break; they assume that some things are wholly bad, but no things are wholly bad; they assume that some other things are wholly good, and no things are entirely good. In refusing to enter upon the definite propaganda which our correspondent would kindly offer us, we refuse the easier task and re-commit ourselves to the more difficult problem of healing rather than making factions; of uniting rather than dividing society; of enforcing to the recognition the fundamental unities that even today bind the wage-giver and the wage-taker. The old methods are much better than the older methods, and the new methods are not so good as the newer methods that are to obtain. In declining the label, then, we decline the easier, perhaps the more inspiring journalism, and assume the harder and on that account the more necessary journalism, the journalism based on the brotherhood that now is, the fraternity of man already realized and the still stronger fraternity that is to come.

## University Education in Morals.

If the four books lying before us are to be interpreted as signs of the times, they indicate that the colleges are slowly but surely regaining their lost prestige and power as training schools of character, as sources of ethical inspiration and spiritual leadership. Secular universities are comparatively recent developments. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were founded by the church, officered by ministers, and consecrated to Bible interpretations and spiritual exaltation. All the universities of Europe are children of the church and perhaps today more or less servants of the church. With the secularization of the university in America has come the great blessing of academic freedom, scientific research, and a free exchange of results by freed minds. But this great good has carried with it certain reactions that have been a source of anxiety to the friends of righteousness; a certain indifference to the church institutions at least, a neglect of if not a contempt for the habits of worship and the routine of the devout life. The theological schools that were the center and source of the higher education have been elbowed out and retired until their students have practically become the butt of ridicule on the campus and their management the last perplexity of the administration.

But to our books: For the sake of comparative study we have taken down from our shelves "Present College Questions,"* which contains the papers read before the National Educational Association of 1903, by the Presidents of Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. These include the now somewhat famous address of President Eliot on "The Definition of the Cultivated Man," the searching study on "The Present Peril to Liberal Education," by Dean West of Princeton, and the discussion on "The Length of the College Course" by Drs. Eliot, West, Harper and Butler. Dean West recognizes the new dangers that come with the greater freedom, the greater means, and the greater recognition of the physical, not to say the animal spirits that express themselves in athleticism. And Dr. Eliot enforces the high demands placed on the cultivated man, making character the test.

The second book, "Routine and Ideals,"† by Le Baron Russell Briggs, is a group of college addresses by an academic minister, a busy pastor. The initial address bears the title of "Routine and Ideals." Here is a Wellesley College commencement address, a discussion of Harvard's relation to the individual, of the discipline in schools and colleges, and the mistakes of college life. It is a long time since we held a new book on these lines more fertile in suggestions, more stimulating in its demands. It is a sane book, which might well be in the hands of every high school boy and girl contemplating advanced studies in college or university. It pricks the shallow bubble of college honor; it exposes the false enthusiasms that distort the judgment of boys and girls of freshman and sophomore maturity. "Hazing," he tells the freshmen, "is the act of a coward, and cowardice, once recognized, cannot long prevail." To the boys and girls who are in danger of yielding to what they call "outside pressure," he quotes Father Taylor's reply to the senator, "Outside pressure! where are your inside braces?"

The third book on the table is a direct recognition of the new problems of the university and might be considered a direct vindication of the author's recent arraignment of the divinity schools. President Harper's "Religion and the Higher Life"‡ is the last book from the University of Chicago press. It contains twelve college addresses on ethical and religious subjects. In these pages Dr. Harper appears at his best. The successful organizer and solicitor of funds, the great builder of college buildings, does not appear; but the man who has faced the religious problems of the day without having solved many of them to his own satisfaction, appears here. He recognizes the need of an insight which he does not profess or exemplify. His handling of the theological problems involved in the words "Bible," "Christ," "Revelation," "Miracle," is of such a kind as not to give much satisfaction either to the liberal or to the orthodox. He admits too much to give a sense of security to the latter, and his position lacks the clear distinction and the unqualified acceptance of the conclusions of science and criticism in regard to theological questions which would satisfy the former. He frankly admits that "less emphasis is placed on the factor of belief than was done in former times; that a man's life in civilized countries is no longer dependent on his theological belief." And still, in another connection, he tells us that "the one, the only source, as well as the original source for help of the kind here considered (helps to the religious life) is the Bible," a statement which is difficult to reconcile with many admissions found in other parts of the book. Sometimes the habits of the prayer meeting, or perchance the loose diction of the preacher, overlays the careful student, as when he speaks of nations that "have done nothing for the world, have added nothing to its history," and of "the many millions of human beings" who have so little affected the world "that the mass are as if they had not existed." This can hardly be the academic truth in the light of the modern science of evolution which offers overwhelming proof to the contrary principle, as stated by Emerson,

> "All are needed by each one;
> Nothing is fair or good alone."

On the whole we are sure that these twelve addresses reached effectively many of the auditors to whom they were addressed, and they will prove profitable to the readers who may follow the president in these comely pages.

The last book is an old friend in a new dress and with a new title, to which we are hardly reconciled. In 1896 a California house published a little allegory by David Starr Jordan, entitled "The Story of the Innumerable Host," which we took great pleasure in commending at the time and which had wide circula-

(*). "Present College Questions." Eliot, West, Harper and
(†). Routine and Ideals." LeBaron Russell Priggs; Houghton,

(‡). "Religion and the Higher Life." William Rainey Harper.

tion. Now the American Unitarian Association has put out in fitting holiday dress the address with some additions to the text, under the, as it seems to us, less significant title of "The Wandering Host."

This book, with its pretty green borders, sumptuous paper and attractive covers, is a triumph of the printer's art, and the text is worthy the form. It shows David Starr Jordan in his full stature as an academic preacher, a man of science, who has come to the interpretation of the superlative science,—the science of life. Here the exact thinker, the close observer, makes common cause with the poet and the prophet.

We venture to re-state at the close our preliminary affirmation—that these four books indicate the coming of a new era in university life, the restoration of religion to its native place in the heart of our institutions of higher learning. They are of a kind to make us take heart and keep on.

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## A Question in Ethics.

A novel and important question of a sociological sort has come upon us to be solved. It springs out of the vast accumulations of capital and the fact that there must always be a moral side to every economic question. The problem for capital is not only how to invest it, to secure larger returns, but how shall it be invested for the good of the people. Mr. Carnegie tells us that we are compelled to come to this social conviction, that the great capitalist is a new sort of factor—the product of conditions which have been intensifying for the last fifty years and will probably go on intensifying for some time to come. The fact that vast enterprises must be undertaken has brought about the evolution of a special class of men, capable of handling large sums of money, and doing great things. He holds that the large majority of people are incapable of managing these large sums or of undertaking successfully great capitalistic problems. In other words a few persons should and must control a large part of the world's property because only a few in each generation are fitted to manage large sums. The born capitalist is a man provided by nature to rule in the commercial field of battle, as the born general was created to direct the armies of Alexander or Napoleon.

Mr. Carnegie has shown himself peculiarly sensitive to the ethical bearing of this general economic dogma. How shall these born-capitalists take up their duty? Shall it be purely as money kings or as men entrusted with the welfare of the community? He does not hesitate to respond that it should be done as trustees. No man holds his property in his individual right, any more than he holds his physical or his psychical powers. Each millionaire is a board of trust bound by every principle of ethical honor to administer his wealth for the good of the whole community. Taking Mr. Carnegie's standpoint, we are likely to get a new conviction of responsibility in all directions. The argument of evolution makes us all responsible for whatever life inheritance has come down to us, through the hundreds of millions of years of life unfolding. Are we then entering on a grander age when no man will say that he owns anything—even himself, in individual and personal right? "Every man is a trustee; and holds in trust whatever he is, as well as whatever he has. For this he is responsible, not only to God but to society."

But let us follow this conception of ownership. Is the idea of trusteeship fulfilled by giving away accumulated wealth? Looked at carefully, is there anything new in this sort of business? Is it anything more than the Cadi tossing his zechins to the crowd? It really is the old principle of charity, on a very much enlarged scale; a readaptation of medieval charity to modern times. Instead of giving away dollars, it gives away millions; that is all there is to it. It does not make one stride toward the solution of the problem of labor as related to capital. The winner of wealth still stands higher in the social scale than the creator of wealth; and he does it because his trusteeship gives him the handling of the results of labor. The word trustee, if properly interpreted, would go vastly beyond charity. It would presume that the community has a right to the property which the capitalist administers. He cannot give it away; he can only administer it for the public wellfare. If we take any other ground we have only created fifty thousand separate lords of our property not organized as trustees to administer our wealth; but each one distributes his common-wealth, where his will or fancy dictates. One takes the common weal for building libraries; another to construct museums; while a third indulges as his hobby the founding of universities. The people have no voice or control in the matter. Is this the legitimate work of trustees, acting for the people; or is it exercising lordship over property? Allow that a benevolent spirit and a general good will are expressed in these grants and foundations; allow for a general advantage to the community; yet have we anything in the proposition of trusteeship to warrant it? The money is won by the hard work of millions of employes. For whom is Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller trustee? By what principle of trusteeship can these men take the earnings of those who serve them, and turn them over to another section of the community? In this administration of wealth, where has the administrator his law or his limits? Has he a right to indulge his own taste or proclivities, in the distribution of trust funds? There is no question but that the whole spirit of the age goes with the idea of trusteeship; but we have not thought the thing through. We have gone far enough, instinctively, to call great accumulations of funds trusts.

If the idea of trusteeship is correct, does it not follow that the people own the money? Has the trustee any right to scatter abroad, or give away even, for benevolent ends, property which he does not own outside of trusteeship? Does it follow that he cannot give away anything? Have we not socially and economically failed, as yet, to define individual rights to wealth? While we are quarreling over trusts, have we not a fundamental problem to solve as to this question of trusteeship? Have we not still to go back to the old idea of commonwealth; and understand distinctly that the accumulations which are now in the

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(¶) "The Wandering Host." David Starr Jordan. American

hands of capitalists are not only in their hands as trustees but that the property substantially belongs to the people? When the Homestead strike was on, an offer was made, which in itself was liberal, to put an end to the difficulty. The answer of the strikers was, "We do not want charity; we want justice." These laborers had an instinctive grasp of the problem. It was not the full dinnerpail that was in demand, as our shallow politicians conceived, but the acknowledgement of the right of the laborer to the fruits of his toil. What is justice in the case? If the capitalist is simply trustee and manager, and not absolute owner, there is no need of charity. The greatest steel plant or oil plant in the world, on such a principle, is operated for the good of every laborer engaged in the plant. The brain that directs has no exclusive ownership over the hand that toils.

Mr. Carnegie knows very well that trusteeship does not give him control over that which he holds in trust. He has pointed the way to solving a great problem and he has led us to the first milestone; but he has not worked the problem through. He is asserting a final and conclusive right to the disposal of the property, of which he disclaims ownership. To the proposition that God (or social conditions) is creating a few who are able to accumulate, and then to manage large sums, we must add, and to dispose of the same. There is here, inherently, nothing more moral, or socially better, than could have been said of those Roman Questors who had an inborn capacity to squeeze provinces. Mr. Watterson's criticism still holds good, that in the concentration of wealth there is a danger menacing our entire social and political institutions. "We are creating a patrician class; and that patrician class will assuredly develop a plebs; and between the two they will grind the State." Arnold White's millionaire, whose hobby is a new pair of pantaloons for every day in the year, does not differ, essentially, from our benevolent millionaire except in the manner of the spending. We must go a stride farther, and assert the co-operative right of the people who earn money to a co-operative use and disposal of the same. A trust it is, not to be given away, but to be so invested as to return to the joint owners for their common benefit. Mr. Carnegie's new social principle of trusteeship involves and includes joint ownership—and nothing short of it. E. P. POWELL.

## A Call to the Mountains.

A LETTER TO JOHN BURROUGHS FROM R. W. GILDER.

I called you once to the sea,
Come now to the mountains;
Climb the earth's ramparts with me,
Drink deep at her fountains.

On the food that you love make merry;
Forget grind and grief
In the red and the tang of the berry
The bronze of the leaf.

Chestnuts are ripe on the bough,
And the burrs all are bursting;
For a tramp with you, John, I vow!
I am hungering and thirsting.

Come, John, or you'll be to blame;
The birds wait your biding.
One of them, hearing your name,
Flashed forth from its hiding.

See, it is searching for you—
On the bare bough rocking;
Pecking, and looking askew,
Its small head cocking.

And yonder a stray wing flitters;
A great hawk soars.
The lakelet gleams and glitters;
The high wind roars.

Nearer, from field and thicket,
Come musical calls;
The tinkling clear note of the cricket,
Chime of ripples and falls.

From the meadow far up to the height
The leaves all are turning;
By the time you have come to the sight
The world will be blazing and burning.

John of Birds, tarry not till
The first wild snow-flurry;
Voices of forest and hill
Cry hurry and hurry!

—*Four Brooks Farm, Autumn of* 1904.—*December Critic.*

## Sunday and the Safety of the Republic.

But for many men who are leaders in various realms, who are leaders in the realms of finance and society, Sunday has become an effete institution. They give their Sundays to automobiling, riding, driving, golfing, dinners, social pleasures. The people of the factory districts and of the crowded centers of the city see these men of distinguished position doing everything on Sunday to show that the day as a religious institution has gone. Witness the vast multitudes who never cross the threshold of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Slowly the Sunday is becoming secularized, and this, too, at a time when it was never so much needed.

Recently I met one of our leading citizens. He said: "While I wish my children to be trained in Christian principles, I myself do not go to church." Questioned how he spent the Sabbath, he said: "I used it to put myself into fine physical form for the week. My competitor is a church man always in his pew and with his Bible class. I have my strength and ultimately I will win out against him." Now this good citizen's argument was this: His opponent was giving one-seventh of his nerve and brain power to the church; contrariwise, he gave seven-sevenths to business. He rides horseback Sunday morning or plays golf; he dines and sleeps Sunday afternoon, while his competitor is teaching a Bible class; reads or meets a few friends Sunday evening and on Monday morning feels like a race horse. His competitor gives one-seventh of his nervous strength to the work of moral instruction and worship and has only six-sevenths of his strength for commerce.

This selfish merchant and banker has deserted the church; he asks his competitors to give wisdom to the poor and ignorant and train the foreign population, not knowing when the untrained poor, ignorant of the Ten Commandments, will rise up to burn and pillage and plunder. And over against this selfish rich man, who has deserted the church, stands the selfish demagogue, using the poor for his own advantage. And between the selfishness of the rich and the selfishness of the poor, thirteen or fourteen millions of our children and youth in this republic are coming up as ignorant of the Ten Commandments as the Hottentots in Africa or the savages of the South Sea. Meanwhile the citizen with his pleasure has his present reward—he has his Sunday exercise and pleasure, but he has no part or lot with apostle, or martyr, or leader, or great teacher. —*N. D. Hillis in the Advance.*

## Pseudo Democracy.

We were sitting at our late breakfast in one of the delightful Adirondack clubs one morning in August, a company of well dressed, ease-taking women: most of us belonged to the class of professional pleasure-seekers; a few were workers enjoying a brief holiday and rather awkwardly adapting ourselves to the leisurely meal and easy chat of the others. Some one spoke with enthusiasm of the talk given by Edward Everett Hale on the previous night in the club parlor: I remembered it as one of his best in which he made the noble society of New England in her palmiest days live and move again before our eyes.

In the course of his remarks he had mentioned three counsels which he often gave to young people for the making of a successful life, viz.: Live as much as possible out of doors. Converse every day with some one who is your superior. Keep in elbow touch with the rank and file.

These were recalled in our conversation and each seemed eager to claim obedience to them in the ordering of her own life, though one luxurious lady thought that it might be hard to find a superior every day, unless he was sought for in Shapespeare or the Bible.

The last of Dr. Hale's counsels of perfection was dealt with in gingerly fashion at first: it was evidently mystifying, though all agreed that he meant we should be democratic; though just what that implied was not clear.

At last one elaborately gowned and brilliantly jeweled lady said, "Well, I'm democratic—always have been. I just enjoy chattering with my market man over the counter.

"Once I wanted to give a reception to some working girls, but my aunt objected and it was her house. But I did give a luncheon to dogs!" Thereupon followed an animated description of the 'darling dogs' invited, their curls and ribbons, and their behavior as they sat at the beautiful table spread with dainties and decorated with American Beauty roses. Still descanting on this instance of her democratic spirit the speaker and her hearers rose from the table to go their several ways. Not one had seemed to realize the revelation that had been made of one woman's misunderstanding of democracy.

Was it possible, I asked myself, that none of her companions saw it, none realized the inborn snobbishness of her attitude toward the rank and file? In the same spirit that prompted a luncheon to dogs she would fain have given a reception to some working girls! A luncheon to dogs and a pleasant chat with her butcher were adequate proofs of her democratic spirit. Could anything more forcibly set forth the pseudo-democracy of many of the upper classes which more than anything else hinders the realization of an ideal democracy among us? In despair with my sex I turned to Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde" and thanked God that once the true spirit of democracy found voice.

"You, whoever you are!
You daughter or son of England!
You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! You Russ in Russia;
You dim-descended, black, divine-souled African, large, fine-headed, nobly-formed, superbly-destin'd, on equal terms with me!

* * * * *

All your continentals of Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia, indifferent of place!

* * * * *

And you each and everywhere, whom I specify not, but include just the same!
Health to you! good will to you all, from me and America sent!
Each of us inevitable, each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth.
Each of us allowed the eternal purports of the earth.
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

* * * * *

My spirit has passed in compassion and determination around the whole earth;
I have looked for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in all lands;
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.
Toward you all, in America's name,
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

Would that our clubs of fashionable women might take a course of reading in Whitman! From him they might learn what it requires "to keep in elbow touch with the rank and file."

ANNIS FORD EASTMAN.

## An Autobiography.

Spencer tells you the story of his life in weights and measures. Especially weight. So many pounds, heaven knows how many pounds, to the square inch. The story is by no means hopeless to me. It is a heavy burden to carry. But on the whole it is worth carrying. Spencer is worth knowing about. History gets itself epitomized in the lives of individuals. You can read the most of contemporary history in Spencer's life. I only wish he had had the capacity for hitting quick and stopping short. The book has substance but not pith. It puts you to a fierce struggle to push through, but after you are through you are not sorry for the journey. He gives you insights and outsights on the science of a momentous period. There were battles fought in the four or five decades of his practical life more solidly fraught with significance than the Waterloos and Marathons and Gettysburgs and Port Arthurs of conquest and murder. Fraught with love, with thought, with service, with salvation. Close the books of wars. Open the books of science. Give the children a chance to know what love can do in the world as well what hate can do in the world. Do not hang portraits of generals and pictures of battles on the walls. Hang portraits of saviors and pictures of harvests and laboratories on the walls. You say children would not be interested. The children like pictures of fight and are oblivious to pastoral things. Do you know why that is? Because you always teach the children fight. Because they hear fight, see fight, smell fight, taste fight, are drilled in fight in all their five senses from the day they are born. Put their senses to the opposite test. Give the opposite result a chance to prove itself. Do you believe that your gentle youngsters would see something in the face of Napoleon and nothing in the face of Darwin? Something in the face of Buller and nothing in the face of Spencer? That they can recognize the hyena but cannot recognize the horse? Give peace the same chance to be heard that you give war and there will never be any war. Spencer is history. Langweilig as this book is, tiresome as it becomes, it is still full of stern stuff that will add red blood to your veins and give still deeper root to your best resolutions. Spencer was a rapt apostle. He was in bulk for advance. For larger living. He made few retreats. One notable economic retreat. Charge it up, if you wish. There is plenty to balance left. But the Spencer whose name will finally survive was a Spencer who kept on. Kept on persistently in the face of doubt, scorn and denunciation. Neither did Spencer ever lean too far to his own side. He took evolution for what it may tell and do. He did not share the materialistic reaction in scientific speculation. Before the idea of God, before the transubstantiality of essence, he stood without judgment. Spencer, like Darwin, dealt in processes, not in starts

*An Autobiography. By Herbert Spencer. New York. D. Appleton & Company.

and finishes. For this he had to suffer discredit with men who normally would have recognized and rejoiced in his work. Science has done certain work. Even materialistic science contributed its important per cent. Now we have the reaction. The materialistic wave has been swept back. The soul is saying new things for itself. Not theological things. Not Athanasian and St. Thomas things. But the extraphysical things which inevitably came after the hatchets and shovels had cleared the road. You read Spencer's story. It throws light into dark places. It puts wrong dates right. It opens closed ways and closes open ways. It is legitimate history written by a philosopher who was also in the fight. Tell your children about this man. About this struggle. The tale is full of romance. You do not need to go to the battlefield for romance. Here was a great cause. Men died that science might live. Men suffered want. Braved the arctic ices and the tropic fevers. Went alone and together for love's sake to certain death to save men. Remember Andree. He sailed his balloon into a vortex, knowing well that it meant destruction. For your sake. For mine. We read Spencer's record and are reminded of a debt. We speak of war and worship soldiers as if war meant liberty and soldiers were our saviors. Look on the nobler reverse of the picture. Science means liberty and the savants are our saviors.—*From the Conservator.*

## Rajah Ram Mohun Roy's Visit to England.

That Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, was the most unique figure in India in the last century, is admitted on all hands.

His very birth at benighted times in benighted India, accounts for the dimness of his luster.

Neither the East Indian Company's directors at home nor officers here, deemed it worth while to invest him with the livery of their official recognition.

He embarked for England in November, 1830, to take part in the discussion of the East Indian Company's charter renewal, to attend an appeal to the King in council, against the abolition of the practice of burning widows, and to lay before the authorities in England certain encroachments on the right of his Majesty, the Emperor of Delhi.

He arrived in England in April, 1831, landing at Liverpool. He was at once invited by William Rathbone, Esquire, to take up his residence at the hospitable abode of Greenbank. He preferred to be independent, and at Radley's hotel he was visited by many who desired to give him a respectful greeting.

He was much aided in the purpose of his visit by the famous William Roscoe, Dr. Carpenter, Rev. R. B. Aspland, Miss Castle, Miss Kiddell, Miss Hare, and a host of other Unitarian celebrities.

While at Bristol, the Rajah attended Lewin's Mead Chapel where Dr. Carpenter preached. He was in warm touch with the Unitarians in England, whose literature he had tasted with zest while at home. In London, he repeatedly attended the worship of the Unitarians, at their different chapels in or near the Metropolis, and he twice attended their anniversary meetings.

The highest honors were publicly accorded him, and a place was given him among the foreign ambassadors at the Coronation of the Sovereign, William IV.

He took great interest in the reading of the Reform Bill, so much so that he had himself imbibed an idea to cut off all connection with England, were it defeated. Even amidst the stress of business, he paid a flying visit to Paris for a few weeks where he was more than once at the table of Louis Philippe.

It was his earnest desire to see America ere his return to India; and this fact was known to Dr. Kirkland (late President of Harvard University, U. S.) who said in a meeting that the Rajah had been an object of lively interest in America and had been expected there with the greatest anxiety.

He also heard preachers of other denominations who acquired a name He appears to have most frequented the church of the Rev. Dr. Kenny in Southwark, who peculiarly interested him by discourses and Christian spirit.

In a great Unitarian meeting held in London, in his honor, he said, among other things, "Scripture seconds your system of religion; common sense is always on your side; while power and prejudice are on the side of your opponents. There is a battle going on between reason, scripture and common sense and wealth, power and prejudice. These three have been struggling with the other three; but I am convinced that your success, sooner or later, is certain."

But his mission being political, much of his time and energy in 1831, 1832, 1833 were diverted to subjects on Indian affairs before a committee of the House of Commons. His suggestions before that committee as to the best method of governing India, betray a genius in statesmanship, political insight, and economy, hardly equaled by any veteran in that field in India.

But the fruits of labor he did not survive to see ripen. Early in September, 1832, he arrived at Stapleton Grove near Bristol. Shattered in health after a most strenuous and successful labor, the Rajah breathed his last on the 28th of September, 1833, and was interred apart from Christian burial, according to his wishes in a plot of land offered by Miss Castle in her grove near Bristol.

SARAT CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTI.

*Golaghat, India, May 30, 1903.*

## The Problem of the Children and What the State of Colorado is Doing for Them.

It is surely one of the cheering and heartwarming things of this Twentieth Century that it reveals to us a judge on the bench who is also a loving and tender advocate of tempted childhood. Judge Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, reveals, in this report, such penetrating insight into the sources of juvenile delinquency, such acute perception of responsibility of fathers, mothers, guardians, adults in general and finally organized society (through its police, jails, reformatories etc.) as no other writer has manifested.

It is Judge Lindsey's proud record that the children of Denver do not need a parental school; that the number of boys in the state reformatory sent from Denver has shrunk from 65 per cent. of the whole number in the school to 15 per cent., that thirty fathers were sent to jail between January 1st and July 1st, 1904, for contributing to the delinquency of their children, under sentences suspended after the derelict parent has remained in jail from Saturday noon to Monday morning. All this improvement in the fortune of the children is wrought by Judge Lindsey's method of applying Colorado's unique law which consists of one brief section providing that any parent, guardian, custodian, *or other person* who contributes to the delinquency of a child may be fined not more than one thousand dollars or sentenced to the county jail for not more than one year; but the trial judge may impose conditions upon the offender and suspend judgment so long as those conditions are complied with.

Under this provision a telegraph operator who sends a child to a disreputable place to deliver a message may be sent to jail because it is a delinquency for the child to go thither. The saloon keeper who sells beer to a child under the age of sixteen years, the vender of cigarettes, the conductor or brakeman of a train who connives at stolen rides or at picking coal, the mother who knows so little of her boy's occupations that he reads dime novels and is tempted into truancy and

finally into running away,—one and all are haled into court, placed under suspended sentences and stimulated to a wholly new concern for the righteousness of the children of the community. Meanwhile the children involved in all these cases are kept on probation and report to the court once a fortnight, going to school as before if they are under sixteen years of age, unless they are released from school attendance by the superintendent of schools after they have passed the fourteenth birthday. No one can exempt them from school attendance before that age.

How does it happen that a judge holding an elective office can sentence saloonkeepers, dive keepers, telegraph operators (agents of powerful companies which employ more boys than any other single employers in the United States) without fear of being deprived of his office at the next election? Surely this is because in Colorado all the mothers, teachers and other women vote for the county judge as they vote for all the other elective offices.

Every reader of UNITY would be well repaid for enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps to the juvenile court, Denver, Colorado, for a copy of this suggestive, enlightening and most cheering volume.

FLORENCE KELLEY.

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## My Summer in a Hammock.

Picturesque Wisconsin is getting to be the camping ground of thousands of tourists every summer. The northern part is most popular at present, except for cottagers, who encircle every lake in the southern and eastern part. The Lake Superior region is always full, but many are now seeking the more inaccessible spots near and across the Michigan line. Even here they do not find absolute solitude, for the fishermen have discovered most of the desirable places. There has just come a breezy account from one of the daughters of the hammock dwellers, of a trip to one of these enchanting regions which will give the stay-at-homes a little idea of what these isolated camps are like. It says:

"Leaving home (Oshkosh) Thursday night we reached Watersmeet, Mich., next morning and took a short ride on a logging road but in a good car, to Cisco Lake, which is just a lumber camp. Here we boarded a tiny little steamer and rode through Cisco Lake—getting stuck for half an hour in the weeds—through a river to Big Lake; then across a portage one and one-half miles long, through a beautiful forest. This was my first and best view of the big trees. The woods are similar to those of Maine, I think, especially of Mt. Desert Island, which, however, is lacking the big pines. Tall, slender stems of birch, maple, basswood rising in close ranks as high as church steeples (rather indefinite), and then branching out in beautiful green tops which the sunlight dapples with gold. Here and there we found a great hemlock or Norway pine so big that I could only reach halfway around it with my two arms, with its slender top close against the sky. They were sublime in their straight, columnar hight. Lowell speaks of going through the long aisles of forest trees, and that is your first thought here. The forest is in aisles, and a sense of religious awe comes over you. Underneath are mosses and ground pine, bunchberries, flowers and divers colored fungi, with ferns along the banks of the lakes. At the end of the portage we were met by our landlord with a big rowboat, into which fourteen of us entered and were rowed across Palmer Lake. Then up the Ontonagon River, passing hundreds of white water lilies, standing six inches and even a foot straight out of the water. Then we came out into Tenderfoot Lake, in the middle of which on a small island stands the camp. There are five big, handsome log cabins on it, plain but sufficient accommodations and meals, and very refined and pleasant proprietors and guests—about forty of them. Our men went off fishing as soon as we had our dinner, about half-past two o'clock (we had no breakfast), and they brought in twenty-four fine black bass before seven o'clock, which we had fried for our supper. One of the guests unlawfully brought in a deer, which was unlawfully tough, and we labored with it for two days, execrating it all the time. Next morning A—— and I took a canoe and paddled through the pretty river again. We did not catch any fish, but something better—a little dappled fawn which came swimming through the river toward us. We caught her and lifted her into the boat, where she bleated like a calf. No mother was in sight, and the woodsman said it had probably been killed by the wolves. The fawn had not been in camp an hour before it was so tame it rejoiced our hearts. It would lick our hands and follow any one around the camp. It ate clover, but soon learned where the dining-room was and came in for bread. It was a beautiful creature and every one was delighted with it."

A large class of Americans are now trying to get back to nature, and country life is getting to be the fashion for several months every year, which certainly makes for health and so for righteousness. But, alas! great crowds go cityward every year also, which makes for poverty and disease and death. Would we could turn some of these into the beautiful northern country, where farms may still be had cheap, and life be independent and soul-satisfying to the right kind of settlers.

I have been handling and reading many magazines of late and these are some of my observations upon them, the enormous amount of space the advertisements occupy and the tremendous prices charged for space. I suppose we shall have to bear the heavy weight of the magazines as they are now made up as long as the rates are so profitable to the companies, but it would be much more agreeable to us readers if we could have the reading matter and the advertising under separate covers, unless, indeed, there are more readers—like one I know—who never reads anything but the advertisements, and finds them intensely interesting.

Another thing I noted was the recent increase of profanity in nearly all of the leading magazines. Formerly, and not so very long ago either, broad swearing was utterly unknown in any periodical of good rank. Now there is scarcely a short story which is not spiced with strong language, and often the name of God is taken in vain. It is remarkable how easily good writers have been led to embrace the new fashion, and I have noticed the young ladies swear as easily and as strongly as their brothers. Do they expect, I wonder, to be admired for their audacity, or do they desire to shock their more conservative readers? They certainly do the latter, nor is the shock much less when the profanity comes from reputable writers of the male sex. Magazines afford in many houses the chief reading for the family, and have always been placed uncensored on the library table. But that will not much longer be the case if mothers find their young sons and daughters, or even their older ones, noting and copying expressions hitherto unknown to ears polite, from their favorite periodicals. Is the language of the gutter and the criminal class thus to be introduced into our homes without a protest? In many books, also, where we should least expect to find it, we do find quite a sprinkling of expressions which might much better be edited out. I have noticed this particularly in autobiographies and volumes of lives and letters. Would it not be better,

and is it not practicable, to keep to the standard of well-bred men and women, even in books?

I have a grandson of six years of age, with whom I often hold long and interesting conversations. Indeed, there are few people of mature age whose society I enjoy and find so suggestive as that of little Angus. One day I asked him the foolish question we often put to children, "What would you like to be when you grow up to be a man?" Putting his head upon one side and looking into my face quite gravely, the wee mite (for he is a tiny bit of a boy) answered: "I think, grandma, I should like to be a king." The ambition of my youthful friends up to that time had never risen higher than a coachman in livery, a soldier, or a circus rider, save in one instance—"A blacksmith, so that he could always see the sparks fly," and I was rather startled at the reply. I asked why he would like to be a king, and he said: "So I could always have good times. The other boys never know anything to play that is any fun, and I always know piles of things. If I was king they would always have to do as I say, and we could have splendid times. Now they don't always mind, but most always they do." It was true, most always they did, for he was the born leader of his set, being the only imaginative child of the number, and his little head could devise new plays at a moment's notice, in which ogres and wizards and dragons and dwarfs always played conspicuous parts but in which he was usually king, or played the part corresponding to that title with telling effect. Brought up from babyhood on fairy tales and legends of chivalry, his mind was crammed with stories which he proceeded to get enacted whenever he could control the wills of his playmates. As I looked at him I thought of his mother at about his own age, who commanded a warship on the level surface of a large sand-pile in the backyard, which she had fitted up with masts and sails and guns, and where I could hear her give orders to her sister, who was the crew, during long summer afternoons when they played there. "Ship ahoy!" I think, was the greater part of her nautical vocabulary, but "launch the lifeboat" was a close second, and I know they occasionally strung some one up at the yardarm, for she was very fond of pirates in her early years and never wearied of hearing about Captain Kidd as he sailed.

Not many days after my grandson had expressed his desire to be king, in looking over a large book of photographs of all the people who dwell on the earth, he came upon a page of kings, all the rulers of all the earth, and his excitement was intense. I think he had hardly known before what splendid creatures kings were, but when he saw them in all their glory, with their stars and garters and crowns and orders, he thought he had builded better than he knew, and came to me to show me how he should appear when he achieved royalty. He selected the Czar of all the Russias as his model, and when I enlarged his ideas of what a king really was, and could do, he was more than ever enamored of the idea. "I could plunge about on horseback," he said, "and when I drew my sword and said, 'Forward!' away we would all go to the Black Forest." Poor little soul! How thankful I was that his fate was not to be so tragic as to be a king, especially a Czar, but in my heart I saw that he was doomed to the task of the leadership of men, which has many of the tragic elements of imperialism. They show it in their cradles, these little autocrats, born to the purple, though often in plebeian homes.

What a thing life is to the imaginative child, or man, it matters not; they have a two-fold life and the fanciful part is often the most real to them. Life hardly seems to be worth the living to those deprived of the imaginative faculty and the poetic temperament. My little boy of six has all the royal years of youth before him, and how he will revel in them, while his dull-witted companions will plod along, knowing nothing of the fine aroma of life! Driven by sheer dullness oftentimes to dissipation, feeling the need of something added to their mental outfit, they live through the prose edition of life, and are gathered to their fathers knowing nothing of the keenest delights of living! The ecstasy of the contemplation of beauty, the seraphic delights of music, of eloquence, of poetry, of great acting, of dramatic situations in life experience, as only heard of, hero-worship as fine religious fervor—these they miss, and these are life itself! I cannot help envying my grandson the years of his youth and his introduction to literature. To gain his first knowledge of Homer and of Shakespeare —will that be nothing? Nine-tenths of the human family miss it, but my boy will feel the thrill. His hours, yea, his years, with Walter Scott alone will make life worth living, though he live it to the dregs. He has a humorous nature, too, my boy, and Dickens will never pall upon his taste and Thackeray will add to the length of his days. He will be, in turn, all the knights of Arthur's court, and sit for years about the Table Round. He will ride with Lancelot and tilt with Galahad and study magic at the feet of Merlin, and wield Excalibur in many a battle for the right. Had we not all our residence at this court in our youth? Did we not for a long time follow the Gleam, and was not the fine flavor of life lost to us when we emerged from that haunted land? Yea, verily.

> "Sweet as love,
> Sweet as first love, and wild with all regret—
> Oh, death in life, the days that are no more."

Think of the great world romances the child will read, with all the shivering appreciation of his temperament, and let your envy wax. Recall your own first peep within the charmed pages of Jane Eyre or Ivanhoe or Monte Cristo. Gather up your fragmentary remembrances of Bleak House and Pendennis and The Mill on the Floss. Re-read the Scarlet Letter, by the light of a midnight moon. Tremble in dizzy rapture over The Tale of Two Cities and Les Miserables, and tell me what you would not give to re-read them with the fire of youth within your veins. Then recall all your youthful enthusiasms and try to feel their rapture once more. The causes you espoused, the great deeds you gloried in, the Eldorados you sought, your quests for the Golden Fleece, your certainty that all things moved forward, leveling up the Golden Year. Where are all these fine enthusiasms now, my middle-aged friend? Are they not with the snows of yester-year? And would you not like once more to pass through the season of early loves with my little boy who wishes to be a king? Ah, the purple splendor of those hours yet touches you, I see. The moonlit evenings and the starry nights, the dusk of radiant dawns, the stillness of hot, musky noons in deep woodlands or by the opal-hued sea; the first walk hand in hand, the first meeting of eyes that know the other's secret, the midnight watches, the bewildering dance, the first kiss, the parting, the dream and the forgetting—would you tread that mazy track again?

Since writing the above I had a visit from my grandson and I will give you another glimpse of him, which I think you will enjoy. He was building the most wonderful castles, with blocks, one morning, when his mother took up a new volume of Stephen Phillips' poems and began reading to me. He worked on diligently, apparently paying no attention to us while she read two short poems through. Then he began to listen, and soon left the blocks and went and

sat in a chair beside his mother. She paid no attention to him, but read on for sometime. Then she turned to him and said: "Well, my dear, do you understand this reading?" "Oh, no, I don't understand it all, but I like to hear it because the words sound so sweet."

At another time he woke up one night and began whispering softly to his mother: "Oh, mamma, I have seen her; beautiful, beautiful!" "Who, my dear?" "Media." HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

## THE STUDY TABLE.

### Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

THE COMMON LOT.*

The writer of this story has dipped his pen in the blackest ink afforded by the industrial and commercial development of our immediate time. A young architect disappointed of his hope of becoming rich by inheritance, is passionately resolved to make up for his disappointment. Somehow he must be rich. Going from bad to worse he at length lends himself to the uses of a great contractor who is building a building of portentious size as cheaply as he can. There is no end of rotten work. Pretending to be fire-proof, once it has taken fire, it burns like a hay-rick. The architect's wife, scenting his evil practices, adopts a drastic treatment in the hope of bringing him to a better mind. She takes herself off with her children. In ninety-nine cases out of an hundred this treatment would be fatal, but in this case it succeeded or the husband's better self was roused by the catastrophe of the conflagration for which he had set the train. He makes public confession and begins life again upon a different level of expectation. The strength of the book is in its vivid realization of the characteristic temper of the commercial world. Such a book may do good, but for the purposes of art—to gain pleasure to the reader's mind—it is not happily conceived.

CAPTAINS OF THE WORLD.†

This is another of the many novels which reflect the industrial troubles, anxieties, and problems of the time. It is the story of a conflict of the employer and the employed. The principle character is a skilled workman who joins a labor-union from motives of the most sincere and conscientious character. There is an extremely vivid picture of the steel-rolling mill in full blast. This is written as if with an eye fixed on the object, but in general the treatment of the subject impresses us as academic, as the product of much careful reading up and little close acquaintance with the conditions of the situation that is described. The mill-owner refuses to concede the demands of the union and the work is stopped, but it is afterward resumed, some partial concession being made. The writer's sympathies are undoubtedly with the unionists; only they must be good unionists; they must not do any violence. It is the hero's part to qualify the harshness of their methods. Of course there is a love-story and the hero marries the employer's daughter. But whereas, in the good old times, he would have come into her fortune, here it is quite different. much careful reading-up and little close acquaintance When the happy day arrives he is the better off, her fortune having suffered ruinous collapse.

THE SEA-WOLF.‡

Mr. London's latest story has more force than power. The principal figure, the Sea-Wolf, is one Larsen, captain of "The Ghost," a creature of satanic intellect and will, hateful and abominable to the last degree. For much of the way his character is effectively sustained, but towards the end he falls away into absurd extravagance and unreality. Nature and man in this book tend to the violent and horrible. It is as if Mr. London had said to Kipling and Stevenson, after having supped full of the horrors, "The villainy [horrors] you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction." Those who like this kind of thing may like it as it is here purveyed, but those whose stomachs are not equal to so much blood at once will recall another line of Shakespeare: "Something too much of this." Mr. London's injection of a literary courtship into these terrible scenes is certainly a doubtful matter. Even if this part were better done, it would appeal to a wholly different class of readers from that addressed in the adventuresome and picaresque part.

PRACTICAL MORALS.¶

We have here an attempt by a writer of proved ability to draw out a scheme of education in the Spirit of Auguste Comte's ethical philosophy. Comte contemplated a work of this kind but did not live to work it out. His prominent disciple, M. Pierre Laffitte, guided by an elaborate plan Comte had formulated, wrote a series of articles in which something more than the general spirit of Comte's ethical philosophy was produced; many details which could be gathered from his published works. Dr. Ingram, working in the light of Comte's plan and his particular observations, enhanced by that of Mr. Laffitte's exposition, has written a book which can be relied upon as a faithful exposition of Comtean morals, and which at the same time has merits which do not depend upon its faithful reproduction of the spirit or form of M. Comte's opinions. In general Dr. Ingram is a loyal adherent of Comte, but the master had his silly side and his disciple, at certain points, frankly dissents from his conclusions. He does this notably with regard to Comte's doctrine of "eternal widowhood" and other marriage regulations. Life is treated as a series of stages, one more than Shakspere's seven, and there are other chapters on Death and Commemoration. Those who "o'er their claret settle Comte unread" could hardly do better than to make a beginning with this volume, even if it does contain more to interest the student of ethical systems than to serve for the practical guidance of life.

J. W. C.

Why vex our soul with wearing care?
Why shun the grave for aching head
So cool and low?
Have we found life so passing fair,
So grand to be, so sweet that we
Should dread to go?

Some other hand the task can take,
If so it seemeth best, the task
By us begun;
No work for which we need to wake
Beneath the sun,
In joy or grief, for life is brief
—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

*"The Common Lot." By Robert Herrick, author of "The Web of Life," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

†"Captains of the World." By Gwendolm Overton, author of "The Heritage of Unrest," etc., etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

‡"The Sea-Wolf." By Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1904.

¶Practical Morals. A Treatise on Universal Education. By John K. Ingram, LL. D. London: Adam & Charles Black. New York: Macmillan Company. 1904.

## THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—A friendly thought is the purest gift that man can afford to man.

MON.—SILENCE is the great thing I worship at present; almost the sole tenant of my Pantheon. Let a man know rightly how to hold his peace.

TUES.—A man that has discerned somewhat and knows it for himself let him speak it out and thank Heaven.

WED.—The rudest *speech* of a man's heart goes into men's hearts and is the welcomest thing there.

THURS.—There are blessings which do like sun gleams in wild weather make this rough life beautiful with rainbows here and there.

FRI.—Man *lives* by Belief (as it was well written of old); by logic he only at best longs to live.

SAT.—This earth is not an unmingled ball of mud, after all. Sunbeams visit it;—mud *and* sunbeams are the stuff it has from old consisted of. THOMAS CARLYLE.

*Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle.*

### Piccola.

Poor sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'Tis seldom fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas time and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from their door;
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live until summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas day;
Their little darling no joy might stir.
Saint Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola did not doubt at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas day;
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air
'Twas plain Saint Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild;
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird,
A sparrow that in at the window flew
Had crept into Piccola's wooden shoe!

How good poor Piccola must have been!
She cried, as happy as any queen;
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
She danced with rapture she was so charmed.

Children this story I tell to you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird is true;
In the far off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

### Letters to Children. I.

To a seven-year-old boy:

My Dear Robert:

Mr. —— and I took a long drive all over Nance county to look at our cattle and fences and pigs and pastures and things. I saw a big Mother Kildee (a pretty bird like a snipe) and a little bit of a kildee about a quarter as big; the little one ran and bobbed his head and tail and looked exactly like his mother and I picked him up, for he couldn't fly, while his mother tried to make me think her wing was broken and that I could catch her much easier. The little bird's feathers were not grown but instead of the down being all one color like a little chicken's, it was colored just like an old one. When I let him go he flattened out on the ground as flat as any pancake so no one could have seen him if he didn't know where he was. Then his mother went to him and he jumped and they both hustled off to catch another worm.

Then we saw a flicker's head sticking out of a fence post and there were six white eggs in there.

Then we found two snakes fighting, and the smaller one was trying to bite the big one's head off, and they wouldn't let go when we went up to them. They like little birds and birds' eggs, too well. So they won't fight any more.

Then we saw a big hawk's nest in a tree and Mr. ——— climbed up and got two eggs out of it. They were big white eggs with red spots on them and we took them because the hawks were chicken hawks. Mr. —— was so heavy he nearly broke the willow tree down.

Then we saw three rabbits playing and jumping clear over each other, and a flock of prairie chickens having a party. The cocks spread out their tails and blew up great big yellow bags on their necks that looked like balloons. Say "oop" loudly with your mouth shut and you'll know what they said. The hens all sat around on the ground and thought it was very beautiful I am sure.

We saw lots of things that were interesting and had lots of bad things to eat. Some day you and Johnnie must come out here and we'll go around and see things together. With love,

Nebraska, 1898. YOUR FATHER.

### The Hungry Dog.

There was a great king who oppressed his people and was hated by his subjects; yet when the Tathagata came into his kingdom, the king desired much to see him; so he went to the place where the Blessed One stayed and asked: "O Shakyamuni, can you teach a lesson to the king that will divert his mind and benefit him at the same time?"

And the Blessed One said: "I shall tell you the parable of the hungry dog:

"There was a wicked tyranny; and the god Indra, assuming the shape of a hunter, came down upon earth with the demon Matali, the latter appearing as a dog of enormous size. Hunter and dog entered the palace, and the dog howled so woefully that the royal buildings shook by the sound to their very foundations. The tyrant had the awe-inspiring hunter brought before his throne and inquired after the cause of the terrible bark. The hunter said, "The dog is hungry," whereupon the frightened king ordered food for him. All the food prepared at the royal banquet disappeared rapidly in the dog's jaws, and still he howled with portentous significance. More food was sent for, and all the royal store-houses were emptied, but in vain. Then the tyrant grew desperate and asked: 'Will nothing satisfy the cravings of that woeful beast?' 'Nothing,' replied the hunter, 'nothing except perhaps the flesh of all his enemies.' 'And who are his enemies?' anxiously asked the tyrant. The hunter replied: 'The dog will howl as long as there are people hungry in the kingdom, and his enemies are those who practice injustice and oppress the poor.' The oppressor of the people, remembering his evil deeds, was seized with remorse, and for the first time in his life he began to listen to the teachings of righteousness."

Having ended his story, the Blessed One addressed the king, who turned pale, and said to him:

"The Tathagata can quicken the spiritual ears of the powerful, and when thou, great king, hearest the dog bark, think of the teachings of Buddha, and you may still learn to pacify the monster."—*From the Gospel of Buddha, by Paul Carus.*

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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

### The Poem of Christ's Peace.

The poem of Christ's peace is writ
In hearts attuned to heavenly love;
They hear a song, and living it,
Find peace and power from God above!

Amid the clanging noise of time,
The din and roar of busy street,
There steals enchantment of a chime,
To make our lives divine and sweet!

It is refrain of angel song,
That stills the tumult of our strife,
And takes from men the heart of wrong,
Imparting them the pure Christ life!

This melody by shepherds heard,
Once floated sweet o'er Juda's plain,
And now again our souls are stirred
To listen to the wondrous strain!

All sick of heart indeed are we,
That men their brotherhood should mar,
That still on earth should battle be,
And cruelty of needless war!

The nations so despoil the home,
And carry off the old and young,
And scatter to the winds like foam
The words of peace the angels sung!

They came as morning to the sky,
Where only clouds of darkness lay;
That song of friendship from on high
Would bring to us hope's golden day!

The crying want of our old earth
Is equity of earnest love,
The clear persuasion of the worth
Descending to us from above!

We need to walk where Jesus trod,
In footprints of his helpful grace,
And work for man as if for God,
Until God's peace below has place!

Each soul to whom the vision shines
Must steadfast keep the guiding dream,
Until his neighbor's soul inclines
To let the beauty in him beam!

As flowers appear to answer sun,
And grasses grow where showers abound,
So brotherhood its gifts has won,
And in its path are pleasures found!

The song of peace appeals to earth,
And pravs allegiance of men;
The beautiful by it hath birth,
And paradise is here again!

The right intent, the word of power
Are antidotes to care and pain;
And like the sweetness of a flower
The breath of peace blows o'er life's plain!

The poem of our brotherhood
Doth as a spell of joy increase,
We're working now to gain its good,
And bring the Kingdom of Christ's peace!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## Foreign Notes.

THE FREETHINKERS' CONGRESS: ANOTHER VIEW.—Mr. Fretwell has just sent us a copy of the *Literary Guide* with a more sympathetic account of the great Freethinkers' Congress in Rome last September than that from German sources, which was noted in these columns some weeks ago. It seems, then, but fair to give UNITY readers an idea of the gathering as it appeared to some English delegates. Mr. Joseph McCabe writes of the "Significance of the Gathering;" Mr. W. Heaford writes of its "Work."

Writing on the opening day of the Congress, the former says: "I have seen a new thing to-day—a portentous thing. 'Eternal' is the proud title of the city of the seven hills. But through its eternal shell has passed an uncounted variety of forms. Here only the body is eternal; the soul lasts for a year or two, and passes into the city of the dead." Briefly reviewing some of the most significant of these changes, he finds in the consolidated Roman hierarchy the form that was thought surely to be "eternal," but then continues:

"Well, to-day the fates have shown us beyond mistake the end of that page of the scroll on which the history of the Papacy is written. Thirty-four years ago, on this 20th day of September, the troops of the Italian people made the famous breach in the wall of Vaticanism. It will be repaired, said the priests, France will become again the dutiful daughter of the church, and chastise the spoliators. Italy will return to the fold, and re-erect the profitable Papal States, but France has sadly discouraged the optimists of late. She has come of age. Now Italy and Spain are uttering the words of farewell. To-day we have had a demonstration the significance of which can hardly be exaggerated. To-day we have stood proudly where our fathers had stood in papal chains, fastened to papal stakes, and we have delivered the message of the time-spirit to the Vatican. And all this was largely facilitated by the generous concessions made to us by the Government of Italy, and was protected against bigotry and guarded in its dignity by the action of the municipality of Rome. It is the beginning of the end, the confirmation of the attitude of the French Government, and the presage of the imitation of this action by Italy and Spain."

Of the attendance Mr. McCabe reports: "I stood by the steps of the Roman College, so generously granted by the Italian Government, and saw the nations pour into the wide court-yard. Some thirty or forty English and Americans, including Dr. Moncure Conway, represented their respective nations. Belgium and Germany were represented by a couple of hundred thoughtful-looking delegates. Spain had sent several hundred—Spain that is the last stronghold of papistry, where indulgences are sold to-day in the streets of Madrid. France had risen magnificently to the situation, and sent more than a thousand proud and lively representatives to tell of the prodigy of their *petit père Combes*. Italians, generously encouraged by the Government reduction of fares on all its railways, were there by the thousand. With band playing and gay banners flashing back the light of the morning sun, they beamed with conscious pride in the giant strides their country has taken in liberating itself from sacerdotal bondage. No other country in Europe, except France, could have afforded such a spectacle. Inside the court-yard the meaning of the thing grew on one. On the raised platform a circle of distinguished men faced the throng. Haeckel's vigorous, genial, incisive features at once appealed to readers of the Reprints. He looked like a young man prematurely gray, who had just entered with the keenness of a novice in this task of purging the world of untruths, instead of the seventy-year old veteran who has fought a great fight for fifty laborious years. His keen eyes glistened at the sight of the innumerable groups that flaunted banners or had sober representatives before him. He had come to appeal for the welding into one great 'Monistic Association' of all the scattered bands of liberal workers. Behind him one noticed the familiar face of Dr. Moncure Conway, not the least interested in the splendid spectacle, and near again the strong, combative features of Mr. J. M. Robertson. Professor Salmeron, Professor Buisson, Professor Lombroso and Sergi, well represented the best thought of Spain, France and Italy. Behind them all rose a great white statue of victory on a dark red ground, with a fringe of palms and ferns and bamboos. This was the scholarly nucleus of the Congress, the group which told everyone that the demonstration was no momentary effervescence of political feeling that would die away once more when the church was disestablished in the Latin countries. It represented a stage in the growth of European culture, a stage from which the Latin nations will never again retreat.

"But it is quite true that the scholarly element was surrounded—not swamped, but harmoniously supported—by a vast political power. In a sense it was good to see the political side so strongly presented. It not only meant that action was to go with thought, but also that the people were with the men of culture—a sight of most happy presage. They crowded into the court-yard—some 4,000 or so—and stood under their banners to listen to the speeches from the representative of the Board of Education and the representative orators of each country."

Equally sympathetic is the account of the demonstration at the Porta Pia, too long for quotation.

"Finally," he says, "the *force* of the Congress as a demonstration was immense. A superficial journalistic eye would see only a comparatively slender crowd beating against the solid walls of St. Peter's. In reality the meeting was of unprecedented importance. In every part and every feature of it there was a lesson. This lesson was the decay of Catholicism in the Latin countries. English people have generally no conception of the rapidity with which this is proceeding. They may learn that this thousand delegates from France represent a new country from that of the religious magazines. They represent thirty out of the forty million people of France. They run two daily anti-clerical journals with huge circulations, and have a network of branch societies all over France. The *Conseil Municipal* of Paris had officially given its adhesion to the Congress by a large majority. The hundreds of Spaniards represented something like a thousand Rationalistic centers in that country. The thousands of Italians represented the Italian nation in an unmistakable way. Their Government lent us the *Collegio Romano*, and gave us most important privileges and inducements to attend. Not, of course, that the Government—a Catholic Government under a Catholic monarchy—subscribed to the ideas of the Congress. Merely, it recognized how far it represented the Italian people of to-day and their aspirations. Numbers of municipalities had also given in their adhesion to the Congress. There is no possibility of misinterpreting the significance or exaggerating the importance of these facts."

Mr. Heaford's account contains some interesting items concerning South American participation in the Free-thought movement. "In far away Buenos Ayres," he says, "a preparatory meeting was held for the six days between July 16 and 21, some of whose delegates the present writer had the pleasure of meeting in Rome." His personal responsibility and concern in connection with the Congress was the presentation of a paper on missions. Apropos of this he says:

"The section dealing with the present writer's paper on 'Missions' in due course presented its report to the Congress. The object of the report, briefly stated, is to show the waste and failure of missionary efforts throughout the world—the danger to the world's peace and to the happiness of subject races of the missionary operations, and the necessity for the institution of secular missions, subventioned, wherever possible, out of the laicisation of the present funds and expenses now devoted directly or indirectly to purely proselytizing purposes among the heathen. The arguments and conclusions of the report were strongly supported by an able address of Señora Guilia Tribiani Pelagatti, whose harrowing description of the misdeeds of the missionaries in the Argentine Republic I hope to include in an English edition of my report. After brief discussion and explanations in French and Italian, the report was unanimously adopted by the Congress."

It was decided to hold the next International Freethought Congress at Paris, Sept. 4, 1905. This will make it simultaneous with that of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers at Geneva. Time and place for the Freethinkers' meeting were determined by a desire to "strengthen the hands of the Government in its anti-clerical campaign and encourage the Freethought Party throughout France to take decisive measures to secure the immediate separation of the church from the state and the complete secularisation of all public functions."

In 1906 two International Freethought Congresses will be held, one at Barcelona, and later in Buenos Ayres, the object being "to give a strong impetus of support both from within and without to the rising Freethought movement in the two great divisions of the Spanish race." M. E. H.

## Correspondence.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

DEAR UNITY: Some time ago I wanted to write you my feeling of regret that in your proposed platform for which conscientious voters could stand, nothing was said directly on the temperance question. But my heart is over-anxious for words along that line, and I knew Mr. Moody was right when he said, "Wouldn't you better wait a bit?"

This morning we are glad we waited! May we thank you, sincerely, for the Post-election Sermon? May we add especial thanks to you for point *two* in the things that must be done by workers for civic health. "Wiser and more searching temperance legislation"! It always comes out that way. UNITY is never unbalanced, yet always inspirational.

Enclosed please find our subscription, overdue because we have been away. Sincerely, (MRS.) MARY H. MOODY.

*Richland Center, Wis., Nov.* 26, 1904.

EDITOR UNITY, DEAR SIR:—Accidents will happen in the best regulated printing offices and one happened in yours (Nov. 17) to my notice of the Life of the Naval Hero, Lawrence. The title was decapitated as ruthlessly as if it had offended one of the Spanish Caliphs. The names of both subject, James Lawrence, and author, Albert Gleaves, Lieut. Commander U. S. A., were done away with entirely. I beg that due correction may be made. Yours truly,

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

## Announcements.

The Senior Editor of UNITY will probably spend his March escape in and around Texas. Prof. Walter A. Payne of the Extension department of the University of Chicago is arranging for his itinerary. All applications for lectures and interpretative readings, singly or in course, should be made to him.

Two lectures on Browning by Frederic E. Dewhurst. I. "Browning and the Problem of Optimism." II. "Browning's Caliban on Setebos," an interpretation.

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